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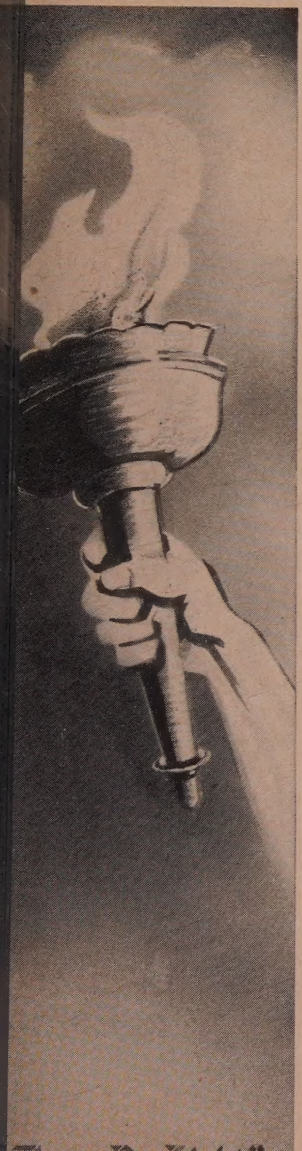
AUGUST, 1943

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



There Be Light"

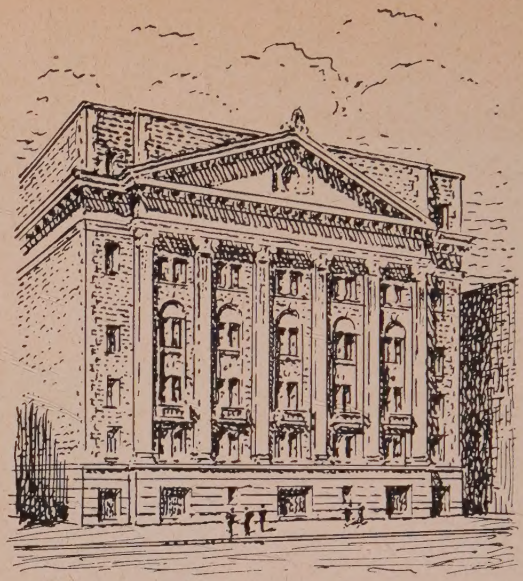
Beauty

By MARY WHITE SLATER

GOD must hold blundering mortals dear
To hang such beauty on the year—
To make the earth a garden—close
For sunrise, sunset, lilac, rose—
To coin a moon and spin it white
Across a spangled deep of night—
To heap the hills that make us climb
Above the frets of space and time.

The tide of beauty never fails us,
Whatever fate confounds, assails us;
God speaks in beauty, urges, prays
To us—to match it in our ways;
Besets our nostrils, ears and eyes
With challenges to paradise.

—*Vistas*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **August, 1943** *Number 5*

Dr. Bradley's Summer Activities

BROADCASTS

SUNDAY

WJJD—Chicago, Ill. ..... 11:00 a.m.

DAILY, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, OVER THE FOLLOWING STATIONS AT THE HOURS LISTED

WGN—Chicago, Ill. ..... 7:15 a.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. Dak. 6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark. ..... 7:45 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn. ..... 6:30 p.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn. ..... 6:30 p.m.
WOW—Omaha, Neb. ..... 7:15 a.m.
KSD—St. Louis, Mo. ..... 7:15 a.m.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. ..... 6:00 p.m.
WHO—Des Moines, Iowa .... 6:00 p.m.
KATE—Albert Lea-Austin, Minn. ..... 8:00 p.m.

Won't you write your friends in any of the cities listed and ask them to listen in and send Dr. Bradley their comments.

✦ ✦ ✦

BOOK REVIEW

EVERY SUNDAY

Read Dr. Bradley's "Religious Book of the Week" in "BOOK WEEK" of The Chicago Sun

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CHURCH SERVICES RESUMED

SUNDAY MORNING—September 19th ..... 11:00 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—November 7th ..... 7:30 o'clock
Not Broadcast

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR JULY

A VACATION SCHEDULE

July 4—Address, Tower, Minn. (26th consecutive time)

July 7—Cutting Records. St. Paul, Minn.

July 8—Cutting Records. St. Paul, Minn.

July 14—Address. Rotary Club. Ely, Minnesota.

July 27—Address. Rotary Club. Pt. Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

July 31—Address. North Shore Historical Assembly. Duluth, Minnesota.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's New Book "My Daily Strength"

MY RELATION TO THE WHOLE

One of the achievements in the philosophical world is to arrive at the destination of looking at each problem related to the whole problem of life; trying to see life whole, with all of its relationships and in its totality. An interesting reaction from this effort is the almost miraculous result of life becoming more simple instead of more complex. We see things in their proper and adequate relationships.

If we could determine accurately just what valuations in history, in men, in government, are necessary to the successful perpetuity of our ideals, we could usher in a millenium. It is well to preserve that ideal.

Infinite Heart, whose love is never defiled, whose purposes are always holy, be with Thy children everywhere; with those who are ill, those who are in institutions, on beds of pain, and with those in prison cells.

And oh, Infinite Heart of Love, we would pray for all who have allowed themselves to become less than the best for which they were created. May they know in their hearts it does not pay.

May those in lonely places, out away from the associations of men, feel God's love and presence.

"THE EARTH IS HIS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

May 23, 1943

"HAS it ever occurred to you what would happen to the literature and the poetry and the art and the music of the world if every reference and every allusion to Nature, the out-of-doors, the living, vibrant, beautiful things of this earth, were eliminated? Most of us who try to increase our familiarity with the great masterpieces of literature and art and music and who find it necessary to add sustenance to our world-weary souls with regular effort, are constantly impressed, increasingly so, with the part which Nature played as an inspirational force in all creative endeavor.

We could begin with the great classics of antiquity, those earliest records of the creative capacity of man in attempting to explain and to understand his relationship to the world of which he was a part. We could begin with the early records of Homer in ancient Greek literature and we would discover in the imperishable writings of that ancient Greek poet and writer, that he depended to an uncanny extent upon his understanding of the living, growing things about him and upon the relationship between those things and the things of humanity in which he was interested. Homer was an intimate of the sea, he was a companion of the sky and in his familiarity with the world of Nature about him, uncontaminated and unpolluted by a super-civilization, he basically portrayed some of the most fundamental truths based upon unimpeachable comparisons and analogies between human life and the life of Nature. We can take example after example, both in Latin literature and in Greek literature, and coming down the long procession of the centuries where sensitive and keen minds and fragile sensibilities were attempting to explain the world of which they were a part and they finally were compelled to go back to the primitive elementalism of the world of growing things to find adequate sustenance for their souls.

The greatest thoughts which man has ever spoken have been born under open skies. The greatest truths that man has ever presented had as their accompaniment the heave and sigh of ocean beaches. The most penetrating and beautiful realities which man has ever conceived or projected came from the inspirations of the voices of silent stars; the depth of understanding: FAITH. Without it, the universe itself, due to the centrifugal force, would explode into a million billion pieces and leave nothing but a vaporous mist. All of human life is integrated by man's creative faith in his being a component part of the basic structure of life; it is that underlying principle of creative faith which has been the inspiration for all the creative, eternal achievements that have come to the mind and soul of man.

What would happen to the ancient Scriptures themselves, those of you who may pride yourselves on being the finest students of the Bible and who understand all of its theological vagaries and have carefully outlined its position and plans of this, that, and the other, have you ever thought of what would happen to this Bible if re-

moved from it would be all the truths that were first given consciousness in man's awareness of living, growing things? It is amazing when one goes through the passages of the ancient Scriptures to find the allusions and the comparisons and analogies, the lessons, the morals that are inspired by the familiarity of the writer with Nature and the out-of-doors, until it could with propriety be said that the Bible is an out-of-doors book, and that with but two or three exceptions in his life, the Master-Teacher of all, gave every one of His eternal truths out-of-doors. The sky was the roof of His cathedral and the open plain and the roadside were His chancels, and that to me is very indicative because it indicates a certain purity of comprehension that is not obscured by any artificial caprices of man's own creation. All the poets who have tried to tell us the meaning of Nature and the out-of-doors have, without exception, been concerned with an eternal quality that exists there, a sense of eternity, so that one of the stabilizing, integrating environments in which all of the transitory history of man has been working out is against this background of an eternal rhythm. Somehow empires have come and gone, kings and queens have had their day, presidents and prime ministers have spoken and passed, men, women and children have died, personal ambitions, philosophies, systems, governments have come and gone in the long procession of time, but in every second of this transitory evolution of this earth, spring has always followed winter, summer has always followed spring, autumn has always followed summer, and then the winter, and in these fluctuating, vacillating, upheaving, struggling years in which man with a multiplicity of emphases, with a wide variety of color, with an infinity of cultures and spiritual expressions, clashing, co-operating, killing, dying, loving, friendly, crash, confusion, in the midst of all these processes of man, hanging in the midnight sky was the North Star watching it all; and looking down out of that inverted bowl of blue men call the "sky" has been, upon all these of earth, the constant sun and the faithful moon. Rain washing the earth, sunlight blessing its incomparable symphonic beauty, lightning frightening the beasts of the forest, prairie fire leaping the plains of the earth, the tide rising and falling on its way: Nature, the world of reality, and against this, man, the last of life, for we are the youngest of it all, the consciousness of this human intelligence in ability to observe, describe, interpret, experience, my life against all this background of the world of Nature and of Life is the youngest form of life of all. Stars sang before a baby cried; the moon was shining before a chieftain carried his sword against the breast of man; the rain, the lightning, the wind, the storm, the dawn, the moonlight, all were here long before there was a human consciousness to even give them reality. Please do not be confused now in the deduction which I make from that statement, for if I take somewhat of a dangerous area of the metaphysic it might be misunderstood by many surfeited with prejudice or intolerance, but the sun, the sea, the stars, the clouds, the twilight, the dawn, had no meaning and no importance until along the way of the ages, out from under the warm, dark nutrition of the sea, a germ of life started on its way, and that germ of life finally arrived in this pulpit this morning and in these seats. All the world's physical environment over the destiny of material things had no meaning, and may I say without, I hope, being too misunderstood, they had no true existence until the con-

sciousness was born capable of giving them reality, and when that consciousness was born and man first became aware of this universe, of which he was a part, and by the accident of lightning striking the cave in which the wild animal was quartered and setting afire the debris which was there and man's nostril first sensed the aroma of frying flesh and it was good, and in the hunger of that moment he seized the uncooled, charred remains of that animal cooking from the lightning and man reached out and took hold of fire and made fire a servant introducing in the long evolution of humanity what is undeniably the greatest single achievement in the evolution of the human race,—when man took hold of fire and made it his servant.

From that lowly beginning in this world of Nature, the spirit of man has attempted to coronate these forces of Nature until the last and final miracle, which is only the beginning, the discovery of electronic energy—not the invention, the discovery—for man does not create the laws of Nature, man discovers them, man does not create the laws of the cosmos, man only reveals them, man only releases them . . . do you think that this modern miracle of the ether this morning which is carrying my voice to seven or eight states of the Mississippi valley, people listening under all sorts of conditions, so that the farthest listener whom I have this morning hears the words which I am now saying before the person seated in the last row of the balcony of the Church hears them . . . do you think man created electronic energy? No, he did not create it, he discovered it. Do you think, as you stand in this world of growing, living, vital things of Nature with the discoveries which man has been able to make and the experiments which man has been able to achieve through his own anticipation of the powers and ability of Nature, do you think all this is the creation of man? Why, it is only the handiwork of the divine Creator above, over, in, through all. Man is seeking what to me is truth, not conjecture; fact, not fiction; truth, not theory. Nature and man are one and the unifying force, which under a complete devotion of man's intellect to the utilization of the harmonic laws of Nature would mean the integration of the cosmos with the spirit of God, would cleanse the world of its economic madness, its industrial unrighteousness, its social insanity, its moral imbecilities, its war. This truth, a *WORLD TRUTH: GOD: MAN: GOD'S WORLD: MAN'S HOME; AND MAN AND GOD COOPERATING TOGETHER IN THE MANIFESTATION OF THE ETERNAL TRUTH OF LIVING, GROWING THINGS!*

O my dear people, and my listeners, could we stand for a moment by the side of the finest poet English literature has ever produced in the area of Nature, the poet who sang to us:

"Little flower in the crannied wall
If I but knew what you are all in all
I should know what God and man is."

God and man, from the heart of a flower. What a pity, what an insufferable pity, an unutterable agony not to know this truth.

The great Spanish philosopher, and one of the great philosophers of his generation, Unamuno, wrote a great book which he called "The Agony of Christianity," and sometimes it seems to me that I literally agonize, it is a form of indescribable agony; you see the laws, you know history, you have the truth, the facts are before us, the example of the centuries, the truth of science, the affirmations of religion, the ideals, all tangible, all concrete, the

decencies of life, the opportunities for the full fruition of the human personality which is the very essence of democracy, or it has no excuse for even being in existence, all of this is so plain, is it not? Right in front of us, until when one looks out and sees the prostitution of it all, the hate, the greed, the avarice, the selfishness, the lies, the scars, the unkind words, the failures, the lack of moral courage, the two-facedness, the chicanery, the cheating, the lying, the blood, the thunder of the world, how can they prevent any sensitive soul from agonizing? Why does the world accept it? Why doesn't the world take the better way? Why does it not make the highest choice? Why must it be blood, and sweat, and toil and tears? Why? Because we have left the highway of our God. We have laughed into derision the constancy of stars; we have failed to appreciate the inexorable law of Nature. We temporize, compromise and appease until it has brought into this climactic hour the noble sacrifices of the youth of the world and of our nation to create for us one more chance to make a decent world: *NATURE and the OUT-OF-DOORS.*

This morning on my way to church, I watched, practically all the way from my home in almost every vacant lot or area in between the Church and where I live, men, women and children at work in their Victory Gardens. It was beautiful. They may not think so, some of them, when they awaken in the morning with lame backs and sore muscles, but it was beautiful. And I thought, seed, earth, toil, sun, rain, fruit, vegetables, the eternal rhythm of the ages, and I said, as I looked at them, two little tots in particular, whom I can recall now, as I close my eyes,—the joy of digging in the earth. What was the truth that it echoed for me—food?—I wonder! I don't know whether the result from the point of food will be negligible or important, but I do know this, that every one of those people have a very great faith. Do you believe they would be working in the earth if they believed the earth would not produce? Would they be working there if they thought the seeds that they were planting in the soil would rot and become corrupt at heart and would never become a plant or a vegetable? Do you think that they would work without faith? Why, when you go out into the fields of Nature, and out onto this good rich earth, you cannot touch it without faith.

Celia Thaxter, who lives near the Isles of Shoals where I have spent many a happy hour, wrote her beautiful poem which comes back to me, "The sunrise never failed us yet"—faith in the cosmos! Does anybody in the Church or listening this morning doubt that the grain will ripen in the harvest fields of America? Of course not! Does anyone in the Church this morning doubt that autumn will come and that granaries be filled? Of course, you don't doubt it. The very basis is the fact of faith in the seed, faith in the earth, faith in the rain, faith in the warmth! And what have I said when I have said that? Just this: *FAITH IN THE LAW OF GROWTH!* Only man seems to persistently break the law. That little seed planted in the heart of the earth, in the womb of Nature, in the darkness, never loses its faith. "I will be a blade, I will live, I will grow, I will obey the law of God" —the kernel of corn planted in the field sings back to God, "I will honor you by creating a thousand kernels from my heart," and never doubts it. The law of God, the world of Nature cooperating in the principle of evolutionary life, NEVER DOUBTS; only MAN SAYS: "IT CANNOT BE DONE!" A warless world, economic

soundness, government? And people say to you "governments will always be corrupt, it cannot be done!" Poor weak man is the doubter, the whole world of Nature says it can be done! God says it can be done, the prophetic voices of all the ages have said it can be done! Will you, under the inspirations of the law of growth, of your faith, of your love of country, of your dependence upon the law of God, will you say in your heart today "IT CAN BE DONE"?

WHAT CAN BE DONE? THE KINGDOM OF GOD CAN BE CREATED, CO-OPERATIVELY WITH NATURE AND WITH GOD, UPON THIS EARTH AND AROUND THE WORLD: "IT CAN BE DONE!"

THE BAZAAR

As you gaze upon the heading of this article you say to yourself: "Oh! it just can't be time to begin thinking about The Peoples Church Bazaar! But—remember? The ladies of the church always begin to work upon their crowning achievement of the year in mid-summer—and it is mid-summer. Every Monday, all summer long, a group of women meet in Channing Hall of the church building and plan and execute work which will assure a full stock in the booth containing handmade towels, pillow-slips and aprons. An enormous amount of work is done on this particular booth, and it is a very popular one with the Bazaar customers.

The Woman's Club of the Peoples Church has for many years sponsored this great Bazaar which is held in the early part of December. Members of the church, friends of the church, radio listeners, and friends of friends of the church all plan, buy and work for this Bazaar from early summer until the actual event. Articles of all kinds which are salable are mailed or brought to the church office.

Everything from a glass of jelly to an oriental rug may be found at the Bazaar. The women of the Professional and Business Woman's Club have a booth; there is a Men's booth; a kitchen-ware booth; a food booth; a miscellaneous booth; a White Elephant booth; a doll booth; there are beautiful hand-made quilts, tablecloths and rugs; there are paintings.

This Bazaar is always a great success, because you—and you—and you —you, the readers of this Liberalist and the friends and members of the church make it a success by your contributions, your work, your plans and your accomplishments.

This year we must all make an extra effort, for it is a very different year from the others we have had. There are many demands upon us all—for our money, our time and our effort. Yet we must not be neglectful of this our yearly duty and pleasure, for we need the church and its inspiration and influence more than we have ever needed it. And the returns from this Bazaar are counted on each year to help take care of our necessary expenses.

We are counting on your help!

Preston Bradley.

A Mile with Me

Oh, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way,
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,
A friend who knows and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
When he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then—farewell, we shall meet again!

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

"WE SHALL need courage and more courage." In these simple words, Sigrid Undset, the great Norwegian novelist, who managed to escape from the tyranny of Hitlerism to the freedom of America, set forth the basic need of our time. With these words I heartily agree. To me courage has been of such importance, not only in the present emergency in which we find ourselves as a nation, but always in each individual life, as one of the primary attributes, and the noblest of characteristics, that I have written a book on it—a book which I called "Courage For Today"; and every day that we move along now toward the goal which is before us, I feel more and more the need of saying at every opportunity how much we all need, you and I, the right kind of courage. We find ourselves in the greatest moment of our history. No man, not excepting Washington or Lincoln, has had to face the responsibilities which have and still do rest upon the shoulders of our president and our government. We are in a history-making moment. What we do now will determine our destiny for perhaps a thousand years. What happens to America now will be felt in the centuries yet to come. We have always been on the winning side at the end of every war. We have never lost a war. It takes democracies, because of the very nature of democracy itself, a longer time to integrate their forces and their national life into a war basis. At such times as this we need the courage to maintain our unity in spite of our differences. Bitterness, hitting below the belt, repeating destructive rumors, and a hundred other things I could mention are wholly and completely out of place. These are the destructive attitudes and the interfering critics. It is possible and it is necessary that in a democracy, we find a way to be united in our differences. It should be the objective of us all. It is ridiculous to fight an enemy abroad and ourselves at home. Let us set our faces once and for all toward our goal. Let us consecrate every dollar, every hour of time on winning our goal. A hundred years ago Ralph Waldo Emerson talked about the defeatism of his age, and he crystallized his philosophy in this sentence which you will

find in one of his letters: "These are low, sleepy, dark days of the soul, only redeemed by the unceasing affirmation at bottom of the heart, like the nightingale's song heard all night, that the powers of the soul are commensurate with its needs, all experience to the contrary notwithstanding." The tragic story which our generation is writing in blood and tears is one which Stephen Vincent Benet, in his Litany for Dictatorship, thoroughly understood. "We thought we were done with these things, but we were wrong. We thought because we had power we had wisdom. We thought the light would increase. Now the night rolls back on the West and the night is solid." The poet is right. The night is solid, and it must be faced and treated as a solid and not as a vapor. The whole world in 1918 was taken up to the mountain top and looked out upon a universe where the opportunity for creating a great peace existed. You and I know that there is no darker moment in our lives than when we realize that some fostered and nourished dream of our lives never will become a reality. That drives us almost automatically into the valley of despair, but we need not remain there —indeed, we must not remain there. If one lost opportunity were to be final, life would be unlivable, but true courage consists in our determination to climb back again, up the steep and rocky hillside of the mountain, back to the peak. It would be unbearable if we were to think that the sacrifices which are yet to come in this ghastly business of blood-letting would only result in another failure; the only difference being the scope of its dimensions. America has inherited a deep, abiding and continuing faith in something which we call progress, and this faith is the most powerful thing in this nation, and this faith inspires a renewal of courage all along the line. Belief in the common man is a familiar article in the democratic creed. We still believe in man, in his dignity, the worth, the beauty of the human personality. We believe it to be the most valuable thing in the world, and our whole effort in this hour is to establish, not only for ourselves, but wherever it has been destroyed, a faith in our fellow man. It is our first line of battle; and it is the vibrant, dynamic characteristic which will take us to that last hour of this world conflict in which the decision will be final, and freedom, liberty and the dignity and the worth of man will be established on the mountain-top of this world.

HACKLEY SCHOOL

Hackley School, a non-sectarian preparatory school for boys, drawing its chief support from the Unitarian denomination, is located at Tarrytown, twenty-five miles from New York City. Hackley offers, through its day school, and five and seven day boarding plan, the best possible liberal education for boys up to draft age.

While still retaining the high standards of college preparatory curriculum, Hackley has broadened its activities to include outstanding courses in aeronautics and a full department of arts and crafts.

For the first time in its forty-four years, Hackley is conducting a summer session, with credit courses for both boys and girls and a day camp for boys only. For further information, write to Dr. Mitchell Gratwick, Headmaster.

BOOK CHATS

DURING these summer days I have had an opportunity of listening to the radio. In the winter it invariably happens that when I want to hear a certain program I am speaking myself—either on the air or before some group. I usually plan every day to hear one good news analyst and commentator. As far as getting the news is concerned, if you hear one broadcaster after six o'clock, you have heard them all, for they all give the same news. There is an ocean of difference between commentators, however. I have often thought that a better word would be interpreter rather than commentator. Interpretation is exactly what one of my favorite commentators—Raymond Gram Swing—always does. Occasionally, also, he writes book reviews. The other day in the New York Times Book Review, Mr. Swing said of Walter Lippman's great book—"U. S. Foreign Policy"—something which completely coincides with my own opinion of the book. I pass it on to you. Said Mr. Swing: "The most important handbook for national education which has appeared during this war. If the nation will learn its lesson it will find the kind of truth which sets men free."

Walter Lippman has always been an adventuresome, analytical, creative and fearless writer. As he has grown older he has grown more realistic; some might say more conservative, but conservatism is used so frequently as synonymous with reactionary that the word does not describe Lippman's development accurately. Being conservative does not necessarily imply one has ceased thinking in terms of the new or experimental, but it does mean that one brings more and more of a test, which all radical thinking must face before it is accepted. The conservative may accept new ideas and conclusions, but only after they have met all the reasons for their coming into being. The conservative is usually a person who does not jump at conclusions. Sometimes he does accept progressive ideas, but he is insistent that they be executed methodically and in order. There is such a thing as a radical-conservative, just as there exists a conservative-radical. Walter Lippman is not a radical-conservative, but a conservative-radical. In the old days of the early life of the New Republic, he was a radical-radical. Many of his most enthusiastic followers of those days have deserted him, and most of them are certain he has deserted them.

Up until his present book, I think his greatest book was "The Stakes of Diplomacy." It might be a good idea to read that when you have finished his latest book. Or perhaps better still, read "The Stakes of Diplomacy" first. I re-read parts of it the other day and saw clearly this fact: Had the diplomats been familiar with Lippman's work on diplomacy they would have seen clearly what the results of their diplomacy would do for the world. Being, on the whole, good men, they might have been ready to re-cast their diplomatic positions into a different mold with entirely different results. It is too late to speculate about that, but here is a book written in plenty of time for those who will attempt the next world diplomatic puzzle to enter the opportunity with a fundamental understanding and a working knowledge. There is no more important matter before these United States than the problem of a foreign policy for this government.

Lippman has presented the whole tragic history of our so-called foreign policy.

After all, this foreign policy is not to be made up by a few hand-picked diplomats, who usually are given the opportunity because of their political loyalties. We have had sufficient of that type of diplomat. This is a matter which concerns and vitally affects every man, woman and child in this nation, and unborn children most of all. We must have a foreign policy commensurate with our national ideals. It must be a foreign policy in which we do not attempt to settle world affairs without first making our "foreign" policy our own national policy. We must make it work at home, too. We must prove our capacity for self-government and then achieve a foreign policy which will command the respect and loyalty of us all. I consider Lippman's book the most important yet published on the problem which it treats. I wish it could be presented as a one-year course in every high school in the land. It is such books as these which, when read and digested, give one an authoritative understanding and b u i l d a n impregnable fortification against the vaporous mouthings of pseudo-thinkers and amateur diplomats.

* * *

I think we are all beginning to realize what a difficult job it is to get ourselves straightened out on this problem of democracy. We believe in it. We are loyal to it, we are anxious to increase our knowledge of it, that when the time comes we shall see clearly the path we must take.

The University of Chicago Press has just published another valuable book which is called "Democratic Thinking Forges Ahead." With the approach of the political parties' nominating conventions, controversy in this country will take on increasing activity. We will all be living in one great debating society. It will be the hardest fought political period we have ever known. We have never had any past controversy which will compare with the one just ahead. That is how it ought to be. That is democracy. But every one of us must be better informed and more basically grounded than ever. Only such preparation will preserve us from being the victims of prejudice and hatred. This new book will assist us in developing clarity in our thinking. Three very wise men have contributed to the book. Prof. T. V. Smith writes on "Tom Paine—Voice of Democratic Revolution." Speaking of Paine, do not fail to read "Citizen Thomas Paine," by Howard Fast. I am going to use this interesting novel in my book-lectureship in November. It is a long-overdue novel based on the life of Paine.

Coming back to the book "Democratic Thinking Forges Ahead," the next chapter is by Clarence H. Faust on "The Rhetoric of the Debates in Regard to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution." Frank H. Knight then contributes a chapter on "The Ideal of Freedom. Its Meaning and the Necessary Conditions for its Realization." Professor Smith then concludes with a brilliant discussion of "Justice Holmes, Voice of All Democratic Evolution." You can readily see from this table of contents how logically the book is assembled. Beginning with Paine and closing with Justice Holmes, the reader readily traces development of democratic thinking within the framework of a republic.

Many people shy away from books written by college professors, thinking they are too erudite, dull or involved. Some professors do write such books, but not the three men who wrote this one. Some of the most lucid, plain,

understandable and practical writing being done today is by college professors. This book is constructive and stimulating and you will never regret reading it.

* * *

Almost every other book published today is about our neighbors South of the Rio Grande, but it has remained for Edward Tomlinson to give us the best of them all. His new book, "The Other Americans," recently published by Scribners, is just the book some of us have been waiting to see published. He does not enter into the social, economic, and political struggles of these other Americans, but he gives us an authentic picture of the people, their costumes and customs, together with their geographic and traditional backgrounds. This knowledge is a preliminary necessity before any of us in North America can understand the complicated political and economic life of the people. Much of our misunderstanding and confusion about Latin-America is due to our ignorance of many historical backgrounds.

Mr. Tomlinson for nearly twenty years has made an annual trip to some part of Latin-America. He knows his subject and presents it in an interesting manner. I know of no book more valuable as an introduction for other more definite books dealing with the more involved problems of our friends and neighbors to the South. We must know and understand them better as the basis of cultivating the art of being good neighbors. This book will help mightily.

* * *

Mentioning the above book brings to mind that Señor Max Dickmann, Argentine novelist, critic and play-producer, has come to the United States at the invitation of the State Department. He was asked in a recent interview about what the people were reading down there. He replied, "Sinclair Lewis ranks first and John Dos Passos second. Ernest Hemingway's 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' has gone into two editions of 30,000 copies each. William Faulkner's 'As I Lay Dying,' 'Wild Palms,' 'Sanctuary' and 'Light in August' are widely read in Spanish translation."

With the aid of the Rockefeller Committee, Señor Dickmann intends to establish a Seminary of North American Studies in Buenos Aires. "Though," he added, "one may buy any of 530 American books in translation in my country, I doubt if there are 30 Argentine titles for sale in the United States." We are eager to learn. A novel by Señor Dickmann will be published by Little, Brown. To know a people well it is necessary to know their literature. Efforts along this line are just as valuable as political or economic affiliations.

* * *

Many thanks to those readers of Book Chats who wrote and thanked me for publishing the list of books I am reading this summer. And so, until next month, I wish you all "Good Reading!"

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden Lodge," Lake Vermilion,
July 11th.

Dear Friends:

With the Fourth of July past we slip into the second half of summer—and it really is *summer,* for we are now having some very warm weather for this north country. For many years it has been our custom to go into Tower and celebrate the national holiday with the residents of the village. Like many others in our land, this town is bereft of young men—more noticeable on a day like the Fourth of July than at any other time—although it seems strangely quiet and empty whenever we go in to market, with no boys around. Boys whose parents we knew before they were married, boys we have watched through their school years — bright-eyed, healthy youngsters—suddenly become tall young men with a serious expression, new to their usually merry faces—leaving for training camps! Some of them left this year just before High School graduation, their diplomas being given to their parents to keep till the boys come back!

There are fine lads from this locality all over the world. Several whom we know very well are in North Africa—have been there ever since the invasion and helped with landing the troops. There are a number in the South Pacific and Iceland—England—Ireland, and quite a number are in the Navy. Also, several girls from here have enlisted in the various organizations—WACS—WAVES and Red Cross. One we have known since babyhood is now a Nurse in North Africa. Her brother is the only casualty thus far from Tower. He was on the *"Arizona"* in Pearl Harbor. I could write pages and pages about these young people scattered all over the world whose thoughts we can rest assured on July Fourth were turned to this beautiful north woods country of lakes and forests and fine little towns from whence they answered the call of their government—the call of humanity! We knew they were thinking of the celebrations of other years—years when they as lads enjoyed most of all the firecrackers of all sizes—toy pistols, etc. And there were lemonade stands, refreshment booths, ice cream, candy—fireworks and what-not—to take their holiday spending money. The street would be lined with small evergreen trees and flags, and everybody, old and young, promenaded Main Street, up and back, all day long. Yes, we all knew they were thinking of home—and as our thoughts went out to them there was a feeling somehow of a nearness—they were with us in spirit—there's no doubt about that!

However, the "glorious Fourth" must be celebrated—there are still school children who must enter into the tradition of the day—but to them less "glorious" without fireworks, ice cream and lemonade stands. No, there were none of these, nor decorations other than flags—and store windows decorated, some cleverly—for which there were prizes given. And there was no noise. Of course there was the

parade, which was only about one-tenth the length of the usual line. A sailor and a soldier home on furlough were the color bearers heading the parade, followed by half a dozen members of the Legion—then the incomparable school band, looking smart in uniforms of purple and dove gray, with their three Majorettes in white, and their band leader, Charles Minelli, also in white uniform. This band is worth going miles to hear *and* to *see*. The school children made up the rest of the parade, and the little tots with their doll-buggies, which are always quite a feature.

There was a large crowd in the school auditorium where Dr. Bradley gave his annual address. He never spoke more earnestly—it was not a time for fun and witticisms because it was a holiday, no—it was a solemn moment and the people wanted to hear every word, listening with tense interest throughout the hour that he spoke—which seemed not more than fifteen minutes. Many cheeks were wet with the tears parents could not control—they were thinking of their boys—and their boys were thinking of home!

A special feature of the day was the awarding of a Government Bond. The names of all the boys and girls in service from Tower and Sudan were put into a box and Dr. Bradley was asked to draw out a slip and the bond was awarded the one whose name was drawn, and was given to the parents for safe-keeping. After the address the school emptied out onto the beautiful green campus and the children entered into the usual races and games—only not nearly as many as in former years.

After the luncheon period the band played again and then there was an Indian Powwow. It was a beautiful summer day with clear blue sky, brilliant sunshine, and quite warm. We enjoyed the day very much, coming home about four o'clock to our Island, very grateful for the cool shadows and the gentle breeze off the lake.

* * *

Having told you so much about our Fourth of July there will only be space now for a very few letters, but here is one I think will be especially interesting to everyone. The writer's name we withhold for obvious reasons: "Dear Dr. Bradley:—Again and again I thought I should write to you because I had the desire to talk to you. But when I heard your report about your work I lost my courage and I said to myself: 'Dr. Bradley has all his time occupied.'

"Allright, I am writing to you! Being a German Christian refugee, I know all the terrible happenings from a very near point. I hope to become in four months an American citizen, and as such I wish to go for a certain time back to Germany, to teach the German people the great ideas of freedom and democracy, to tell those poor boys and girls—who never had a chance to know anything about it—about freedom and democracy. We have not only to win the war, we also have to win the peace.

"Yes, I believe what you believe and what you in your words expressed today: War is not necessary at all. Defeatists and people who are interested in war just to have war are those who say 'There always will be war.' As strongly as I believe in God, so strongly do I believe in everlasting peace if we do not fail.

"I wish to do my share, but I need a little guidance. And that is the reason I write to you. The first point is: What do you think is the best way for a layman who is a writer and a speaker (broadcaster) to get prepared for the

great task ahead?

"I do not expect an answer soon. Your time is limited. Whenever you find time, please, write to me. I shall be very happy.

"Sincerely."

From the Manager's office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Bloomington, came this kindly comment on the daily broadcasts. Mr. Wiley writes:—"Dear Dr. Bradley: If you have a moment to scan the pages of our current Rotary publication, you will detect a Bradley influence. Lowell's poem—a portion of which you read recently—graces the cover page, and on page three you may recognize a line from one of your morning radio addresses of just a few days ago. I hope I have quoted it correctly.

"Each morning as I don my downtown raiment, I find much satisfaction and good in listening to your broadcast. I have wondered if you are a Rotarian, and felt that if not you should be, for you sound like one.

"Rotary is a real power to us in Bloomington. It occurs to me that a great event in our annals would be to have you guest-speaker of one of our infrequent but highly special intercity evening sessions. Would your program ever make such a thing possible?

Rotarily,
Ivan L. Wiley,
Editor, The COG."

A radio listener sent a little poem from which we quote, with the following accompanying note: "Dear Dr. Bradley:—Will you please accept the enclosed original poem which I think you will find timely and seasonable.

"I have listened every time possible to your inspiring talks and addresses ever since I came from New York State last October, and enjoy them all keenly.

Sincerely,
Grace Lowe Broadhead."

Flag in a Church

"I saw a flag in a church today,
Borne with pride aloft,
I thought of flags in other lands
Where men only looked and scoft.
It caught the gleam of the morning sun
That lay like the blessing of God
On its Stars and Stripes, one by one;
It was a glorious thing to see—
Our Flag—the symbol of Right and Liberty."

Must close the Mail Bag now, and keep the other good letters till next time. Be sure to write—AND—KEEP ON—THE—BEAM!

THE HIGHER FATALISM

(An article written for The Liberalist of July, 1934, by W. Waldemar W. Argow, Th. D., then of May Memorial Church of Syracuse, N. Y., and now of First Unitarian Church of Baltimore, Md.)

Proof! Proof! is the cry of our generation, not knowing what it asks. How little do we know by reasoning as compared with what we learn by experience! There are depths of assurance and conviction in our hearts that reason has not yet fathomed, yea, may never fathom. Are we then to abandon our intellectual reliance upon cause and effect? Indeed, in the realm of the spirit we are forever coming upon experiences in which the law of cause and effect seems to operate in a circle. We learn to trust a friend by simply trusting him. Our faith in him grows as our friendship deepens, and our friendship deepens with our growing faith. Thus do we build our proofs of life's imperishable values. We begin by trusting them, even as a friend; and we end by experiencing an enrichment of life through a deepening trust in them.

Doubt-haunted generation, canst thou not learn to take with thee through life both probe and spade—the one the instrument of reason searching for facts, the other the instrument of faith which plants seeds, in the steadfast assurance that these will obey the law of growth and bring forth fruitage after their kind? Thus it turns out that man lives first by faith, and then by reason; for it is his faith in the seed that it will grow which prompts him to use his reason as to the best method of bringing it to maturity. In like manner does man build his civilization. First, he is motivated by a faith in the possibility of a widening justice, and then he uses his reason in working out plans to bring it about. Therefore, the measure of an age's progress is at last dependent upon the degree of its faith in that Ultimate Integrity which assures the seed of its growth and man of the triumph of justice.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary,
The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcast of

MAY 10TH

SELF-EDUCATION AND PROGRESS

IT HAS been said that this world belongs to those who deserve it, and the truth of this statement becomes very evident when justice is aligned against the forces of evil. A world war to settle once and for all whether men shall be free or whether they shall be slaves is, in a sense, only an enlargement of the fight which goes on constantly between the good and bad forces in man. Seemingly the world is coming apart at the seams these days—but appearances are deceiving. It is much more likely that the world simply is undergoing a reconstruction job, just as it has at regular intervals during the past few ages. And in much the same measure does a man, during the course of his life, have the same opportunity for reconstruction and betterment.

I was somewhat surprised the other day, but not especially astonished, to hear of an acquaintance of mine who had suddenly embarked on a new business venture which was greatly dependent on the future. He was simply looking ahead, this middle-aged man, and preparing for the days to come without too much alarm over the present. It's obvious that a certain amount of self-education was required, since a man in his position hardly would take what might be regarded as a drastic step unless he was reasonably sure of the outcome. The future will tell whether his was a good choice. But whether it was or wasn't is comparatively unimportant. What does matter, I think, is the process of self-education, whereby a man suddenly is enabled to throw off old ties and inhibitions and emerge anew. I am reminded of Walt Whitman's famous lines: "Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways, Pioneers, O Pioneers!" These are words that create an image of accomplishment—of achievement—"conquering, holding, daring, venturing." The good forces in a man can conquer the bad with perseverance. Man has been described as a walking bundle of habits, and the analogy is well drawn. It could very well be said that the difference between success and failure is the difference between good habits and bad. Self-discipline can assure success. But self-indulgence can wreck any hopes of achievement.

There are many ways in which a man can achieve improvement through his own efforts. Abraham Lincoln, of course, was the outstanding example in his day of a man who reached the top because of his unwillingness to remain raw and untutored. To some this may seem an odd time to cite examples of personal industry. But self-education goes on irrespective of world conditions. After all, one must have a purpose in life. When the war has ended and victory has come, man will resume his normal pursuits. Some men are wise enough to start looking ahead now, and I do not believe they are being unnecessarily premature. We Americans have a yearning for culture—a common feeling in a country as young as ours. Some are fortunate enough to achieve their ambitions, while others plod along in the same old groove. I am under the impression that America is the most advanced country in the world, and I think this can undoubtedly be attributed to the average American's unswerving determination to get ahead, come what may. Confidence is

the keynote of ambition. With confidence, all things seem possible. To act with conviction and energy, and to concentrate on one thing at a time, it seems to me, is a virtual guarantee of success. All of us want to do more than ever these days, but some of us seem unable to summon the ambition. To lay out a well-organized plan, and then to go ahead confidently and do our work with competence, avoiding all slipshod methods, seems almost too much to ask for at one time. But it can be done, although it requires practice—constant and unremitting practice.

A man's mental approach will determine how effective his work will be and, eventually, how far he progresses. Calmness of thought, an optimistic tendency rather than a grim and dour approach to the problems of the day—these things play their part. To a great extent, we all create the world we live in, and it's better to live a cheerful existence than one without hope or faith. When one moves along at a feverish clip, and with a great hullabaloo, it is, of course, possible to achieve a great deal; but it is just as possible to achieve as much when one progresses at a serene pace—and I do not mean a slow pace. I have learned this from personal experience; I suppose a great many of us have at various times. To work, to achieve, requires no great hypertension and a straining of the brain, but rather a placid, easy-going style. My friends, who still find time for an occasional game of golf tell me that the best golfers are those who seem to proceed without effort—without tension—and the whole impression is that they are expending a minimum of effort. It seems to me that much of the same effect is achieved in our every-day life. To work cheerfully and honestly at a task, and not to worry too much about what the future may have in store—these are characteristics which spell success and happiness. Happiness is something we all seek, I suppose, although some philosopher once remarked that to hunt happiness is to assure yourself of a perpetual search. It is better to feel, as did Lizette Reese, in a "Little Song of Life,"

"Glad that I live am I,
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes
And the fall of dew."

The spirit of good cheer should be made a permanent part of our lives. To have faith—not meaningless optimism, but to have faith in oneself and one's capabilities—is an automatic assurance that, in time, success will come. I believe that the most important process of self-education for the future lies, not so much in book knowledge for itself, but rather in the correct mental approach. A man who recognizes his own educational limitations and refuses to fret too much over them, but calmly and methodically sets about improving his opportunities, is well on the way to being a better man. Such a man can progress—perhaps not as far as he would like, but still, he can make headway against life's adversities. Sometimes it helps, when the future looks drab, to look out for someone less fortunate and lend a helping hand. All of us have friends who may have met with a great tragedy but who, through some inner serenity of spirit, refuse to let their spirit be crushed. Often you will find such people busying themselves with charitable work, or perhaps engaging in endless war work. They have no time to worry about what's past and gone; wisely enough, they prefer to live in the present and let the future take care of itself. To live the good life, one must be constantly on the alert against the first signs of stagna-

tion. There are a great many people who are now holding jobs for which they possibly feel they are unsuited. Some day, they think, they will make the change that will mean all the difference to them. Meanwhile, the days turn into weeks, the weeks into months, and the months into years. And still no change.

Procrastination is the commonest fault of all. It is so easy to put things off for another time, or what one believes may be a more opportune moment. A man who is aware of his deficiences and proceeds to correct them, so that some day he may move up a notch, is following the correct method. His energy and ambition grow day by day and while he may fail at whatever it is he is trying so hard to achieve, I maintain that a man who has tried for something is a better man than one who has never made the attempt.

True education is a continuous process and it is worth the trouble. A man never stops learning and it's well to start early learning the worth-while things of life. It is no accident that correspondence courses are so popular in this country. I have no way of knowing how effective they are, although I am sure they must do a certain measure of good, depending of course on the student's application. And then again, there are countless night schools which one may attend after working hours. Night schools in literature, in art, in science, in industry. There's no limit to them, and it is the various students themselves who set their own mental horizon. I use the word "student" in its fullest sense, to denote those who are out to enlarge their capacities. Age is no limitation and certainly no excuse for those wishing to advance themselves. Pope, in an essay on criticism, once declared: "A little learning is a dangerous thing: drink deep." May we all take that advice to heart and drink deep at the well of knowledge.

Alfred Tennyson gives us these words:

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

Above the Loss

By MILDRED SCHANCK

I HAVE sensed notes in harmony
In high winds on the hills;
And known a rapture come to me
In winging warblers' trills.

I have heard music in the rain
And laughed above heartache;
Faith dominates the densest pain—
A heart God tunes, can't break!

—The Columbus Dispatch

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS
CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St. **Whitehall 5257**

AUGUST CALENDAR

The AUGUST presentation of The Uptown Players will be "Letters to Lucerne," by Fritz Rotter and Allen Vincent.

Stage sets will be designed by the Art Director, Marvyn Harbert.

The play will be given every Friday and Saturday evening throughout the month. Curtain at 8:30 p.m. Admission 55c.

For information concerning Thursday evening attractions and Studio Productions of plays, telephone Whitehall 5257. Admission to these, 35c.

Every Sunday evening at 5:00, Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin.

* * *

September Production, by popular request—"Our Town."

* * *

October Production—"Port of Chicago."

* * *

Note: There is still time to get your SUMMER THEATER SPECIAL ticket for $1.00, which entitles the purchaser to an admission to the next two plays, all of the Thursday attractions and studio performances of new Chicago plays. Information furnished upon request. Registration is now open for Fall Term in Acting and Characterization, Voice and Diction, Radio, Body Control, Playwrighting, Stage Design, Spanish, Work Shop, Art and Art Appreciation. Classes begin Sept. 7th. Detailed information will be furnished upon request.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER ACTIVITIES:

BROADCASTS

EVERY SUNDAY—WJJD—Chicago .....11:00 a.m.

Daily, Monday Through Friday

WGN—Chicago, Ill.....7:15 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn...6:30 p.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. D...6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark...7:45 a.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn...6:30 p.m.
WOW—Omaha, Neb.....7:15 a.m.
KSD—St. Louis, Mo.....7:15 a.m.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo....6:00 p.m.
WHO—Des Moines, Iowa.6:00 p.m.
KATE—Albert Lea-Austin, Minn.....8:00 p.m.

WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW FOR THE CHICAGO SUN—"BOOK WEEK" —"Religious Book of the Week"

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE RESUMED September 19th (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE RESUMED November 7th..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION RESUMED September 19th..... 9:30 a.m.

JUNIOR CHURCH RESUMED September 19th.....11:00 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES RESUMED November 3rd ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS RESUMED September 16th..... 8:00 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Meets every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall.....9:30-4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—For information on summer activities, telephone Mrs. R. F. Bacon, Corr. Sec., Edg. 1735

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—For information on summer activities, telephone Miss Grace Rozanski, Bri. 6914

MEN'S CLUB RESUMED November 29th..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB RESUMED September 16th..... 8:00 p.m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB RESUMED September 19th..... 4:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1219 N. LaSalle St.—Whi. 5257. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. August Play—"Letters to Lucerne," by Fritz Rotter and Allen Vincent, opening August 6th. Every Friday and Saturday. Curtain, 8:30 p.m. Tickets, 55c. For information concerning Thursday attractions and Studio Productions, telephone Whi. 5257. Admission 35c. Sunday evening Vesper Service, 5:00 to 6:00.

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